

## Love My Way by A\_Fringed\_Mind

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**Summary:**

"Those were normal things for Billy, all part of his daily punishment, as his father liked to call it.

But there were also times when Neil got so mad that the boy literally had to fear for his life."

Or in which, Neil is an abusive bastard and Billy can't live without his jerk-off material, at least until a certain King Steve makes his appearance.

# 1. The Queer Son

## Author's Note:

This is my first fic for the fandom, so I really hope you'll like my work!

I have to warn you, this is kind of a messed up/unusual relationship between Steve and Billy that may trigger some readers.

Also, English is not my first language...so if I mess anything up please let me know!

## The Queer Son

He was a cocky and careless bastard.

Or at least that was what everybody in Hawkings seemed to think about Billy Hargrove.

People generally avoided him like the plague, because apparently, he was nothing but trouble.

But it wasn't just that, no.

Apparently, somebody decided spreading rumors on his aggressivity was a great way to make him feel welcome in that shithole of a town. That somebody, Billy knew, being either Susan or that little bitch of his stepsister. Probably both.

So now, people went on about how much of a saint his father Neil was for putting up with a scumbag like him.

For still granting him a roof over his head, even though he was a complete jerk of a son.

Oh, Billy thought, if they only knew.

But of course, people only see what they want to see.

That's why nobody ever asked him why he always had far more

bruises and injuries than anybody else in town.

Nobody seemed to notice the slight limp he'd had for weeks, nor the cast on his left arm that didn't allow him to play basketball for a whole month.

They just assumed he got into fights. Because he was a bad guy, and bad guys are always searching for trouble.

Those were normal things for Billy, all part of his daily punishment, as his father liked to call it.

But there were also times when Neil got so mad that the boy literally had to fear for his life.

The last time being only a few months prior, when they'd just moved from Cali.

*He'd debated if throwing it away was the right thing to do.*

*He knew that packing it with the rest of his stuff was dangerous, but Billy had put so much effort into finding the right pictures to cut from Susan's old magazines.*

*His folder being absolutely number one jerk-off material. Young men in almost-non-existent designer underpants, with hard-rock muscles and breathtaking features.*

*Yup, Billy wasn't definitely going to get rid of that.*

*The long trip had been pretty much uneventful.*

*Billy had managed to keep his folder away from his father's eyes.*

*As soon as the car stopped in their new yard, he'd made sure that his box was the first one to be taken inside. In the safety of his new bedroom.*

*But of course, things never seem to work out for Billy.*

*Three days after, on his first day of school, Neil had wandered into his room in search of god knows what, and managed to find his precious folder.*

*Not only had his father found out about his homosexuality but also that apparently he had a taste for black men too.*

*Needless to say, when he got home that afternoon he'd had one of the worst raw beatings of his entire life.*

*"Billy, what the fuck's with this queer trash?" Came Neil's angered question.*

*"I...I don't..." He was speechless. And fear seemed to have him paralyzed. He was dead, so fucking dead.*

*"You what, uhu? No son of mine is a goddamn queer!" And with that Neil was on him, forcefully pushing his head against his bedroom wall.*

*"You useless shit!" A powerful slap was thrown on his cheek, making him wince from the impact.*

*"What a fucking fairy, can't even take a slap!" A shower of punches started on Billy, making him fall on his bedroom floor.*

*He tried to shield his head with his hands as best as he could, the last thing he needed being a concussion.*

*Then a hand grabbed him by his blond hair, forcing him to stand up.*

*"Look at me, fag!" Another hand grabbed his chin, forcefully making Billy look at his father through his bloodied nose.*

*He was so scared, he could feel Neil's piercing gaze on his skin.*

*"Such a fucking disappointment, even your mother would be disgusted!"*

*That was it, the thing that hurt the most. His father always knew how to make him suffer.*

*Pain blossomed in his guts as another fist connected with his body.*

*He wanted nothing more than to curl himself into a ball, but Neil's hand on his hair prevented him from moving.*

*The blows went on and on, until Neil heard the sound of Susan's car, meaning that both her and Max were home.*

*That's when he stopped himself, cleaning his bloodied hands on Billy's Jacket.*

*He muttered a quiet "faggot" under his breath and left the room, making sure that the door was closed.*

*God forbid Max or Susan had to see the teenager lying on the floor beaten within an inch of his life.*

*A whole week had passed before Billy found the strength to get out of bed and drive Max and himself to school.*

*He'd still felt a bit dizzy but nothing unbearable.*

*He'd had to throw away his folder.*

*His father insisted they had to see it being torn apart with their own eyes,*

*that's why he drove them to the landfill.*

*Billy swore he could have cried. Seeing the huge machine tearing his fantasies away in a thousand pieces, felt as if his entire adolescence was being canceled in an instant.*

*Plus, seeing his father admiring the scene with a sickening smile of pure satisfaction, really felt like a punch in the gut.*

*"And that's the end of this queer thing, understood?" Billy literally had to blink back the tears before a choked "yes sir" managed to slip out of his mouth.*

Three months had passed from that last raw beating and Billy had tried to avoid another one at all costs.

He'd tried to get good grades in almost every subject, drove Max everywhere she wanted to go and even joined the basketball team. Of course nothing could have saved him from his daily punishments, but all in all, it wasn't that bad.

He'd even shagged a couple of chicks from school.

He couldn't remember the names though.

Not even their faces to be completely honest. Having imagined that boy from the basketball team was the one he was fucking senseless instead.

Steve was his name. Fairly tall, with deep brown eyes and a magnificent quiff of dark hair.

He looked exactly like the boys he'd kept in his folder. So damn gorgeous.

One day, as he stopped to buy a pack of cigs, he noticed a particular magazine standing in the rack.

It looked like one of those things Susan would buy.

There was a boy on the front page, and Billy swore, he looked like Steve fucking Harrington.

Hargrove subtly approached the glossy magazines and started leafing through the said one.

When he finally found the right page, he was flabbergasted.

Here was the boy. His back turned to the camera, with his long fingers tangled into his voluminous quiff of dark hair.

A black pair of tight underpants was the only thing he wore, making his gorgeous ass look a billion times better.

He felt a strange sensation in his guts. He knew he couldn't but he absolutely had to.

So, before he even realized what he was doing, he ripped out the page and made it disappear under his denim jacket.

One thing was sure, if his father ever found that thing in his room he'd be dead.

But Billy found himself not really caring at the moment, for the first time in months he finally felt alive.

## 2. Broken Pieces

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hello everyone!

I'd like to hear your opinion on my writing style, I personally feel like it's not too expressive(?) so if you have any critiques, please feel free to tell me.

Also, if somebody's willing to beta my story I'd be very thankful (since my English is pretty shitty)

Anyway, I hope you'll enjoy the chapter!

P.S. I forgot to say this story is kind of AUish, I hope you'll still enjoy it tho.

## Broken Pieces

To say he was pissed was an understatement.

He'd been so close. So fucking close.

But of course, that Nancy bitch had to be the one tutoring Steve.

Watching him closely, discussing interesting topics and hearing his angelic voice.

And Billy?

Well, he had the special task of teaching Tommy how to write a fucking essay.

He'd talked to the boy just once and he already fucking hated him. Smart as a goddamn rock.

Billy already regretted having offered himself for the tutoring thing. After all, he'd done that just because he thought that Steve was the only one in need. But he'd been wrong.

So now he was stuck, completely stuck.

Every Monday afternoon he had to stay after classes and teach that mouthbreather literally how to fucking write.

It was a pain in the ass, sure, but at least he got to watch Steve from afar.

He and Nancy in the goddamn library discussing whatever thing Harrington needed to understand.

It wasn't fair, no. It had to be them instead.  
Billy and Steve.

But life was never fair. And that's something he'd learned a long time ago.

Friday afternoons were the thing he craved the most.  
With both Neil and Susan at work and Max at the AV Club, he was alone. Finally on his fucking own.

The first thing he always did was getting naked. Stark naked.

Then he put on some Billy Idol. Partly because his voice kind of turned him on, but mostly out of habit.

After that, he took that precious piece of paper out from behind his Metallica poster. The only place his father would never look.

Then, and only then, could the games begin.

The whole thing starting slowly.

"Eyes without a Face" playing softly in the background.

His fist wrapped gently around his member and Billy's mind completely at ease.

By the time "Rebel Yell" was on, he was usually fully hard.

Admiring Harrington's lookalike ass on the paper.

And then he usually came hard, moaning loudly Steve's name just as "Sweet Sixteen" started echoing through his bedroom.

Those were the best moments.

When he could be just a horny teenager, giving in his deepest urges.

But of course everything was forgotten as soon as Neil got home.



Every day he had to make sure Billy got his punishment.  
Because that was the only way he could learn a thing or two about  
'Respect and Responsibility'  
Or at least according to Neil.

This time, he'd came home pretty angry.  
Probably something happened at work, or shit.  
And of course, Billy had been the best stress reliever.

After several minutes of spacing out, like he was used to, Billy had  
felt something odd.  
A cracking sound and something hot traveling up his right leg.  
Then, after a few seconds of absolute numbness: the pain.  
Overwhelming and unbearable pain.

And for the first time in forever, he did something he thought he  
never would: he screamed.  
Screamed so loud until he'd lost his fucking voice.  
Pained tears spilling from his baby blue eyes.

That's when his father muttered a quiet "pathetic" under his breath  
and left the room, leaving his own son a complete mess on the floor.

Almost an hour had passed and the pain hadn't subsided one bit.  
He had to search for help and he knew exactly where to find it.

"Billy, dear I think it's broken...I better take you to the hospital"

Mrs. Holland, his neighbor, was a nurse.  
She was one of the few people that acknowledged Billy's presence in  
Hawkings.  
The two were friends, like sort of.  
He'd done some minor renovating jobs around her house and she'd  
already casted his arm once.

"Fuck...I-I can't Mrs. Holland"

Billy had somehow managed to limp toward her porch, every single  
step sending waves of pain up his leg.  
He'd thrown up twice on his way over, the pain being too intense.

When he finally knocked on her door, she'd wasted no time with questions, gently sitting him on her husband's armchair.

"Billy, I can't do it on my own this time...it's much more complicated, what if you have a compound fracture?"

He looked at her in a desperate way, with tears threatening to spill from his blue eyes.

A faint "please" escaping his trembling lips, and she knew she had to give in.

"Fine, let me just call a friend of mine...she'll help us"

Joyce Byers came in thirty minutes later with all the necessary.

She was one of Mrs. Holland's colleagues as well as her best friend.

The two had both kids the same age of Billy, Barb and Jonathan.

And when Mrs. Holland's daughter tragically disappeared, Joyce had been a lifeline.

Giving her hope talking about his own son Will disappearance and his comeback story.

"Is that too tight?"

Billy looked attentively at his casted leg before giving the two ladies a soft smile. "No, that's just fine...uhm thanks"

"No problem Billy" Joyce smiled back as she handed him a pair of crutches. "use these until we take the cast out, ok?"

"Sure, just...how long will it be?"

He seemed worried and he kind of was, after all he had stuff to do and he couldn't drive with a casted leg.

Fuck, he couldn't drive! Who was gonna take he and Max around? God, Neil was gonna be so pissed

"Well, a month...more or less..."

Billy was literally fearing for his life now.

A whole month without his car meant getting away from Neil was

gonna be almost impossible.

“shit...well, uhm thanks again but I better head home now...”

“Sure, just...you shouldn’t walk a lot with that leg...let me drive you home Billy”

And just as Joyce was taking out her car keys, he bolted (as far as his leg allowed) out of the house.

A quick “see you” was the last thing the ladies heard.

Billy’s weekend was spent mostly in bed.

Apart from his quick trips to the bathroom and the kitchen, he’d made sure to avoid his father at all costs.

He didn’t know how to tell him about his leg.

Not that it was hard to spot, but he hadn’t seen him since that afternoon.

And if there was something his father hated was leaving evidence on Billy’s body.

By the time Monday morning came, he still had no clue what to do.

He figured he could just skip for the day, gaining extra time to find a solution, when a loud knock shook his bedroom door.

“Billy, get your ass outta bed, Maxine needs a ride!”

Shit. He was in such deep shit.

“Sir, I-I don’t feel well...can I be excused from school today?”

With that Neil bursted into the room.

A suspicious expression stuck on his face as he approached his son’s bed.

“Oh, what a shame Billy...and what seems to be the problem, uhu?”

Neil’s hands were gripping tightly on his shoulders, making him feel almost truly sick.

“W-well I...my stomach’s bugging me...I-I must’ve eaten something spoiled”

He felt the grip on his shoulders tighten.

He knew his father wasn't dumb and lying was just going to make it worse.

Then, without notice, Neil peeled off the duvet from Billy's body. Completely exposing his casted leg.

After seconds of pure silence passed, in which Billy kept his eyes closed in fear, Neil's breath suddenly reached his son's ear. Ready to whisper a treat.

"Listen here little shit, I really hope you didn't go to the hospital because you know what happens when you tell people, don't you?"

Billy felt his blood going cold. He knew the worst had yet to come. "Y-Yes, sir"

"Good, now I want you to get dressed for school while I deal with the mess you created"  
And with that Neil slowly got out of his bedroom.

Susan ended up driving Maxine to school.  
Billy heard Neil saying that he was driving him for the day, since he wasn't feeling good.

Bullshit.

In fact, as soon as the girls left the house, Neil came again into his room.

He grabbed Billy by his left ear and literally dragged him at the front door.

"Now, since you decided to break your fucking leg and leave us dealing with the consequences, you're gonna learn something about responsibility"

Billy loudly gulped in fear. A quiet "yes, sir" escaping his trembling lips.

"Come on now, you better start walking if you don't wanna be late"  
Neil finally let go of his son's ear. "and don't you even consider ditching, Billy. I'm gonna call the school to see if you got there"

With a final hard shove, Billy was out of his house. Ready to start

another long day in Hawkings.

### **3. Take Me Home**

#### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hi everybody!

I'm sorry it took me so long to update, but between lectures and exams, it's not always easy to find the time or the motivation to write.

Anyway, I really hope you'll enjoy the chapter and be ready for the next one because it's gonna be full of action!

### **Take Me Home**

Nancy Wheeler was the perfect girl.

She was very pretty, polite and incredibly smart, always on top of her classes.

Basically, the daughter every parent wished to have.

Yet, if there was something Nancy wasn't particularly good at, was definitely hiding her resentment.

And at the moment she was so fucking pissed, that was ready to kill her beloved boyfriend.

She was sitting on the front seat of Jonathan's car.

He was driving and they were heading to school, like any other morning.

Except, this time Billy Hargrove was occupying the back seat.

They found him along the road.

He was limping with a casted leg, honestly looking like a stray dog, and Jonathan being the kind-hearted boy that he was, had to pick him up.

Of course, that was the right thing to do.

But if there was something that everybody knew in town was that Billy was dangerous, and well-behaved girls like her weren't

supposed to hang out with people like Hargrove.

It was the rule. And Nancy always followed them, no matter what.

She was being unreasonable and she knew that.

That's why she was pissed, because something had to be done by breaking the rules. And at the moment, the only one she could blame was Jonathan, even if it really was nobody's fault.

The ride had been a silent one. Mostly made of small talks between Jonathan and Billy while Nancy kept the same frown on her face until the car came to a stop in the High School parking lot.

The two boys instantly got out, still sharing small talks while she remained on her seat, waiting for her boyfriend's apologies.

So, when Jonathan waved Billy goodbye and swiftly went back into the car, she couldn't help but feel a little victorious.

"Nance please, try to be a little reasonable here...what was I supposed to do, um? Leave him there like that?!"

She huffed, with the same frown stuck upon her face.

"You know too well what they all say about him! He's dangerous Jon! and honestly, you can't blame me if I don't want you to give him rides like you're best buddies!"

He quickly blew the cigarette smoke out of the window.

"You already forgot, Nance? What everybody used to say about me! That I was a freak, uhu? I bet some still do! And you know what? Having nobody to count on sucks!"

"Well, you-"

He quickly interrupted her. "No, Nance! I'm not saying I'm sorry this time, because I'm not! I just gave the poor guy a lift and god knows he needed one! And you know what? I already told him I'll be driving him until his leg's alright, end of the story!"

And with that Jonathan left the car, leaving Nancy feeling guilty and upset at the same time.

At lunchtime, Billy'd already had enough for the day.

He'd spent the last of his change on painkillers the previous week (which reminded him he needed to sneak some more money from Susan's wallet), so eating was out of question.

He was sitting alone, as usual, silently sipping on a glass of water (the only thing that actually came for free at the cafeteria) as he waited for the little pill to numb the pain that came from his leg.

Time seemed like a foreign concept to Billy as he absently rolled a cigarette, waiting for the damn bell to ring.

He feared having to come back home after school, Neil was very angry and Billy knew exactly what that meant.

Luckily today was Monday, so at least he had tutoring before it was time to come back.

And for the first time, he had to thank god Tommy was such a dumb git.

“Ok, this is probably the easiest part, you just have to write conclusions according to your thesis statement”

Tommy looked at Billy like he'd just spoken ancient Greek. “which means?”

He had to take a deep breath and count to ten in order not to smash the mouthbreather's face.

“which means that you have to write an ending saying why homeschooling's not effective”

Tommy loudly huffed. “Like, I dunno Billy...help me please my brain feels like jelly”

Hargrove was really starting to lose his patience now.

His leg was killing him, as the painkiller effect slowly started to fade away.

Plus he was so fucking nervous, he didn't wanna face Neil.

“No, you gotta do it on your own Tommy...you need to learn”

“Oh, come on man! Just a little favor...”

“Listen, we're doing this just so you can learn how to do it on your own...th-”

Then he got hastily interrupted. “Fifty bucks enough?”

“Wha-”

“A hundred, maybe?”

That was it, all Billy needed to literally explode.

“You piece of shit!”

He felt rage, just pure and blind rage. And in an instant, his hands were on Tommy's collar.

“I don't need your fucking money!”

Next thing he knew, a pair of strong hands were holding him back, away from Tommy.

His mind was spinning. He almost felt like suffocating as distant



flashes of his mother started passing in front of his eyes.

"It's all your fucking fault!"

He kept on screaming seemingly unaware of his surroundings, at least until a voice reached his ears.

"It's ok Billy"

It was the sweetest sound he'd ever heard. It kinda reminded him of his mother's voice.

"Just like that, focus on your breathing"

So firm, yet gentle at the same time, that Billy actually managed to calm down.

When he finally came back, he felt the strong hands gently release his shoulders.

"Better now?" That voice again.

In an instant Billy decided to turn around, he was dying to see the person who'd managed to take him back.

But when he did that, he actually felt like fainting.

Steve fucking Harrington was the one facing him, with his worried puppy eyes and his amazing quiff of jet-black hair.

Suddenly, Billy became super aware that the whole library was staring at him in utter shock. So he hastily grabbed his crutches and quickly left the goddamn building.

He hadn't actually had one of his episodes in years, but he figured that maybe the painkillers had something to do with that.

And now he felt so humiliated. All of those fucking people were staring at him like he was some sort of wild animal.

Probably thinking about how all the voices on his aggressivity were true.

"Hey! Billy, slow down!"

He was so caught up in his own thoughts, that he almost missed Steve calling him from the other side of the school parking lot.

"Just leave me alone Harrington!"

In an instant Steve was facing him, still panting from the little jog.

"C'mon man! No need to run away like this!"

"Sorry to break this news, but I do whatever the fuck I want to"

Billy started to walk away again until Steve stopped him by placing his strong hand on his shoulder.

"Listen, I know Tommy can be a real dick sometimes...I-"

“Sometimes?”

“Well, let’s say most of the time! I just...I understand you, Billy”

At that Hargrove scoffed, pretending not to give a fuck, when to be honest he really just wanted to kiss Steve.

“You? Understanding me? Oh, please I bet you’ve never even hurt a goddamn fly!”

“I’ve too hit Tommy once. he was pissing me off, calling my friend Jonathan names...”

Billy felt like Steve was really opening to him now, so he decided he could finally drop the attitude.

“You know Jonathan?”

“Uh, yes...our mums are very close so we’ve known each other since we were born”

“Oh, he’s a cool guy I guess...he gave me a ride this morning”

Steve gently smiled at Billy, his big eyes kindly shining under the afternoon sun.

“So, you um...you need a ride home?”

“I just...I was gonna walk”

At that Harrington softly laughed, a sound that actually gave Billy goosebumps.

“don’t be silly! I’ll drive you...just gimme a minute I gotta grab my stuff from the library, you can wait by my car!”

Ten minutes later, the duo was happily singing along the radio to the new Bruce Springsteen’s hit “Dancing in the Dark”.

Steve’d managed to make him forget all about the library and Tommy’s dick attitude and Billy’d felt so much happiness that he swore he could have cried.

So when the BMW had stopped in front of his house and Harrington had actually gotten out to help him up his porch steps, Hargrove had had to ask himself if that was only just a dream.

Because nothing in his life had ever felt so fucking good.

## 4. pray for forgiveness

### Notes for the Chapter:

Hello everyone!

I know it's been ages since I last updated and I'm so sorry!

Anyway, I have to warn you that this chapter contains rape and if you don't feel comfortable with reading that you can just stop when the "#####" alert appears!

I hope you'll enjoy the chapter anyway and please let me know what you think about the story so far!

Kudos and comments are always appreciated!

## Pray For Forgiveness

The next morning Billy woke up very early. It was still dark outside and both Susan and Neil were still sleeping in their room.

That's why he quietly limped to the kitchen, clutching his boot in his hands as not to make any noise, and quickly fixed himself a dry toast and some orange juice.

Skippping lunch and dinner the previous day had surely left him starving, but it was worth it seeing that he'd succeeded in avoiding his father and with him another beating.

Spending the rest of the day in his room had given Billy plenty of spare time, most of which had been occupied by the thought of Steve. Harrington with his gentle ways and fluffy hair, his soft eyes and (almost) good taste in music.

He was like a dream, or at least that's what it felt like to Billy.

Of course, Neil still found a way to ruin his good mood. Maybe unwillingly, since he probably didn't know he was home.

Max was sleeping at a friend's place after all and Billy hadn't made his presence known. So he decided it was the right night to be fucking Susan senseless.

The headboard banging on the wall and their screams of pleasure were the only noise throughout the house.

It almost felt to Billy like that was a further “fuck you” from his father, another reminder that his mother was indeed dead and that he was having sex with another woman now.

Just the thought of it made him sick and if he had actually had something to throw up in him, he surely would have spilled the contents of his stomach all over his carpet.

So he simply spent the night staring at his bedroom’s ceiling, with James Hetfield screaming in his ears through his walkman, just trying to ignore the mess that his life had become.

Now it was barely seven in the morning and he was already chain smoking on the roadside, waiting for his lift to school.

A ten dollars bill was safely tucked in his back pocket, silently slipped from Susan’s wallet. The stupid bitch never seemed to realize when he did that.

Forty minutes later Jonathan’s Ford LTD finally made its appearance. The first thing Billy noticed being the fact that Nancy wasn’t there, probably still pissed with her boyfriend.

Then Byers started waving a brown paper bag around and with a stupid grin plastered on his face, he decided to roll down the window.

“Guess what Hargrove? I bought us breakfast!”

“hope there’s a beer in that bag of yours...you know I have some standards, being used to fancy meals and stuff...”

“Well I brought Egg McMuffins but if they’re not fancy enough for you I can always eat them on my own...” said Jonathan with a cheeky grin plastered on his face.

“wait, you mean Mc as Mcdonalds?”

“Yup”

“then I’m fucking in, will probably be the fanciest shit I’ve ever eaten”

School was pretty much uneventful and thanks to the ten dollars he even managed to buy himself a decent lunch. Because unlike the other fussy rich kids for Billy eating anything was good, even if it tasted like cardboard.

After all shitty food was always better than no food at all.

So when Basketball practice came he had enough energy for the entire team and managed to be on top of the game the whole time.

Although he had his head on the game, he couldn't help but side glancing Steve every now and then.

He really looked amazing with sweat dribbling down his pale chest.

And when it was suddenly time to shower, Billy had to literally stop himself from grabbing Harrington's white ass. The urge to squeeze it being too much.

Needless to say, when Hargrove finally got home he was so goddamn horny and in desperate need of relief. His boner was starting to hurt like a bitch.

It was three in the afternoon: Max was at the arcade with those little nerd friends of her and both Susan and Neil were at work for at least another hour. So he decided he could do something quick.

He hastily started to undress and took his magazine cutout, deciding to skip the whole Billy Idol thing this time.

In a matter of minutes, he was completely hard and focused on Harrington's ass. The one from his memories mixing with the one on the paper.

Nothing else mattered anymore, it was just Billy and Steve.

Even if only on his mind, even if only for an hour. Steve was his.

He'd been so wrapped up in his own mind that apparently he didn't hear the sound of the front door closing, nor a pair of heavy boots rapidly approaching his bedroom.

And when he suddenly realized what was happening, it was already too late.

Neil Hargrove had the bad habit of never knocking before entering his teenager's son bedroom.

Usually Billy knew when to make himself presentable if his father was coming home, but this time he managed to catch him by surprise.

Billy tried to cover himself as best as he could, but it was pointless.

Neil had caught him with his hands in the cookie jar and now he had to face the consequences.

"The fuck you think you doin?! You stupid faggot!"

In an instant Neil was on him. His callous hands keeping him pressed

down on his bed.

"I-I'm sorry...I thought"

"You know what I think about this kind of behavior, don't you William?"

His voice was suddenly too calm, something Billy had learned to fear even more through the years.

"Yes, sir"

"and what's that?"

The hands still wrapped tightly around his shoulders were starting to hurt.

"that it's a sin"

"and why?"

He swallowed thickly. He hated this, every single instant was pure torture.

"Because God cares about what we do with our bodies, in public or in private. He doesn't want us to abuse ourselves in any way"

"Right. Then may I ask you why you're always searching for new ways to spite him? First you decide you want to be a faggot, then you start using your fist as an alternative..."

"I just"

"NO!" Suddenly all of his father's composure had vanished. "Your behavior is unacceptable boy! I can't allow certain things in my own house, not when your child sister or mother could have been the one to catch you!"

"She is NOT my mother! And the little bitch is definitely NOT my fucking sister!"

The exact moment those words left his own mouth, Billy knew he'd fucked up so bad.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-"

In an instant Neil's hand wrapped around his son's windpipe, making it almost impossible to breathe.

"Me and Susan are sick and tired of this behavior, you need to be disciplined William! You wanna be a filthy faggot?? Then I'll show you what a human waste like you needs!"

##### rape alert! (please stop here if you don't feel comfortable reading that!)

That's when Neil Hargrove hastily picked up his son's crutch from the pavement and ordered him to put his hands behind his head.

“now I want you to start thinkin’ up some prayers”

A feeble “yes sir” escaped Billy’s lips just before Neil laid him back down on the bed, with his face pressed on the pillow as not to make any noise.

“You’ve sinned William, but fortunately I know how to make you be forgiven”

Neil then spread his legs apart and pushed down his pants, tearing off the top button with the force of his effort. Billy then felt his father’s hands rub against the base of his back in a rough way.

“remember son, I want to hear you pray loud and clear”

He then proceeded to put an arm around his stomach and slid the end of the crutch inside Billy.

A sudden wave of hot pain invested him immediately. He could feel every single muscle of his body cramping. His breath seemed to be trapped in his own stomach.

“I can’t hear no prayers son!”

The crutch pounding inside him with more and more vehemence.

“Father” he said in a whisper. “bless me with the wonderful power of forgiveness”

“louder, pray louder to be forgiven”

“give me the strength to forgive myself” he said with tears streaming down his pale face.

“of my own failings and sins” his whole body damp with cold sweat.

“knowing that you have already forgiven me”

“C’mon I wanna hear passion in your words, you have to really mean it to be forgiven”

“free me of all anger” he said, the room around him nothing more than a blur, his limbs empty of feeling. “bitterness, hate, unforgiveness”.

And suddenly he was out cold, but his father still kept on moving the crutch in and out.